

*Bap.* How now my friend, why dost thou looke so pale?

*Hor.* For feare I promise you, if I looke pale.

*Bap.* What, will my daughter proue a good Musitian?

*Hor.* I thinke she'l sooner proue a souldier, Iron may hold with her, but neuer Lutes.

*Bap.* Why then thou canst not break her to the Lute?

*Hor.* Why no, for she hath broke the Lute to me:

I did but tell her she mistooke her frets,

And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,

When (with a most impatient diuellish spirit)

Frets call you these? (quoth she) Ile fume with them:

And with that word she strooke me on the head,

And through the instrument my pate made way,

And there I stood amazed for a while,

As on a Pillorie, looking through the Lute,

While she did call me Rascall, Fidler,

And twangling lacke, with twentie such vilde tearmes,

As had she studied to misse me so.

*Pet.* Now by the world, it is a lustie Wench,

I loue her tentimes more then ere I did,

Oh how I long to haue some chat with her.

*Bap.* Wel go with me, and be not so discomfited.

Proceed in practise with my yonger daughter,

She's apt to learne, and thankefull for good turnes:

Signior *Petruchio*, will you go with vs,

Or shall I send my daughter *Kate* to you.

*Exit. Maier Petruchio.*

*Pet.* I pray you do. Ile attend her heere,

And woo her with some spirit when she comes,

Say that she raile, why then Ile tell her plaine,

She sings as sweetly as a Nightringale:

Say that she frowne, Ile say she looks as cleere

As morning Roses newly washt with dew:

Say she be mute, and wil not speake a word,

Then Ile commend her volubility,

And say she vttereth piercing eloquence:

If she do bid me packe, Ile giue her thanks,

As though she bid me stay by her a weeke:

If she denie to wed, Ile craue the day

When I shall aske the banes, and when be married.

But heere she comes, and now *Petruchio* speake.

*Enter Katherine.*

Good morrow *Kate*, for thats your name I heare.

*Kate.* Well haue you heard, but something hard of

hearing:

They call me *Katherine*, that do talke of me.

*Pet.* You lye in faith, for you are call'd plaine *Kate*,

And bony *Kate*, and sometimes *Kate* the curst:

But *Kate*, the prettiest *Kate* in Christendome,

*Kate* of *Kate*-hall, my super-daintie *Kate*,

For dainties are all *Kates*, and therefore *Kate*

Take this of me, *Kate* of my consolation,

Hearing thy mildnesse prais'd in euery Towne,

Thy vertues spoke of, and thy beautie sounded,

Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,

My selfe am mou'd to woo thee for my wife.

*Kate.* Mou'd, in good time, let him that mou'd you

hether

Remoue you hence: I knew you at the first

You were a mouable.

*Pet.* Why, what's a mouable?

*Kate.* A ioynd stoole.

*Pet.* Thou hast hit it: come sit on me.

*Kate.* Asses are made to beare, and so are you.

*Pet.* Women are made to beare, and so are you.

*Kate.* No such lade as you, if me you meane.

*Pet.* Alas good *Kate*, I will not burthen thee,

For knowing thee to be but yong and light.

*Kate.* Too light for such a swaine as you to catch,

And yet as heauie as my waight should be.

*Pet.* Should be, should: buzze.

*Kate.* Well tane, and like a buzzard.

*Pet.* Oh slow-wing'd Turtle, shal a buzzard take thee?

*Kate.* I for a Turtle, as he takes a buzzard.

*Pet.* Come, come you Waspe, y'faith you are too

angrie.

*Kate.* If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

*Pet.* My remedy is then to plucke it out.

*Kate.* I, if the foole could finde it where it lies.

*Pet.* Who knowes not where a Waspe does weare

his sting? In his taile.

*Kate.* In his tongue?

*Pet.* Whose tongue.

*Kate.* Yours if you talke of tales, and so farewell.

*Pet.* What with my tongue in your taile.

Nay, come againe, good *Kate*, I am a Gentleman,

*Kate.* That Ile trie.

*Pet.* I sweare Ile cuffe you, if you strike againe.

*Kate.* So may you loofe your armes,

If you strike me, you are no Gentleman,

And if no Gentleman, why then no armes.

*Pet.* A Herald *Kate*? Oh put me in thy bookes,

*Kate.* What is your Crest, a Coxcombe?

*Pet.* A comblese Cocke, so *Kate* will be my Hen.

*Kate.* No Cocke of mine, you crow too like a crow.

*Pet.* Nay come *Kate*, come: you must not looke so

lowre.

*Kate.* It is my fashion when I see a Crab,

*Pet.* Why heere's no crab, and therefore looke not

lowre.

*Kate.* There is, there is.

*Pet.* Then shew it me.

*Kate.* Had I a glasse, I would.

*Pet.* What, you meane my face.

*Kate.* Well aynd of such a yong one.

*Pet.* Now by S. George I am too yong for you.

*Kate.* Yet you are wither'd.

*Pet.* 'Tis with cares.

*Kate.* I care not.

*Pet.* Nay heare you *Kate*. Insooth you scape not so.

*Kate.* I chafe you if I tarrie. Let me go.

*Pet.* No, not a whit, I finde you passing gentle:

'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and fullen,

And now I finde report a very liar:

For thou art pleasant, game some, passing courteous,

But slow in speech: yet sweet as spring-time flowers.

Thou canst not frowne, thou canst not looke a scone,

Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,

Nor hast thou pleasure to be crosse in talke:

But thou with mildnesse entertain'st thy wooers,

With gentle conference, soft, and affable.

Why does the world report that *Kate* doth lime?

Oh sland'rous world: *Kate* like the hazle twig

Is straight, and slender, and as browne in hue

As hazle nuts, and sweeter then the kernels:

Oh let me see thee walke: thou dost not halt.

*Kate.* Go foole, and whom thou keep'st command.

*Pet.* Did euer *Dian* so become a Groue

As *Kate* this chamber with her princely gate:

O be thou *Dian*, and let her be *Kate*,

And

And then let *Kate* be chaste, and *Dian* sportfull.

*Kate.* Where did you study all this goodly speech?

*Pet.* It is extempore, from my mother wit.

*Kate.* A witty mother, witlesse elle her sonne.

*Pet.* Am I not wise?

*Kate.* Yes, keepe you warme.

*Pet.* Marry so I meane sweet *Katherine* in thy bed:

And therefore setting all this chat aside,

Thus in plaine termes: your father hath consented

That you shall be my wife; your dowry greed on,

And will you, will you, I will marry you.

Now *Kate*, I am a husband for your turne,

For by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,

Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,

Thou must be married to no man but me,

*Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio.*

For I am he am borne to tame you *Kate*,

And bring you from a wilde *Kate* to a *Kate*

Conformable as other household *Kates*:

Heere comes your father, neuer make deniall.

I must, and will haue *Katherine* to my wife. (daughter?)

*Bap.* Now Signior *Petruchio*, how speed you with my

*Pet.* How but well sir: how but well?

It were impossible I should speed amisse. (dumps?)

*Bap.* Why how now daughter *Katherine*, in your

*Kate.* Call you me daughter? now I promise you

You haue shew'd a tender fatherly regard,

To wish me wed to one halfe Lunaticke,

A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing lacke,

That thinkes with oathes to face the matter out.

*Pet.* Father, 'tis thus, your selfe and all the world

That talk'd of her, haue talk'd amisse of her:

If she be curst, it is for pollicie,

For shee's not forward, but modest as the Doe,

Shee is not hot, but temperate as the morne,

For patience shee will proue a second *Grissell*,

And *Romane Lucrece* for her chastitie:

And to conclude, we haue greed so well together,

That upon sonday is the wedding day.

*Kate.* Ile see thee hang'd on sonday first. (first.)

*Gre.* Hark *Petruchio*, she saies shee'll see thee hang'd

*Tranio.* Is this your speeding? nay the godwin our part.

*Pet.* Be patient gentlemen, I choofe her for my selfe,

If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?

'Tis bargain'd twixt vs twaine being alone,

That she shall still be curst in company.

Tell you 'tis incredible to beleeue

How much she loues me: oh the kindest *Kate*,

Shee hung about my necke, and kisse on kisse

Shee w'd so fast, protesting oath on oath,

That in a twinke shee won me to her loue.

Oh you are nouices, 'tis a world to see

How tame when men and women are alone,

A meacocke wretch can make the curstest shrew:

Giue me thy hand *Kate*, I will vnto *Venice*

To buy apparell gainst the wedding day;

Prouide the feast father, and bid the guests,

I will be sure my *Katherine* shall be fine.

*Bap.* I know not what to say, but giue me your hands,

God send you joy, *Petruchio*, 'tis a match.

*Gre.* *Tranio.* Amen say we, we will be witnesses.

*Pet.* Father, and wife, and gentlemen adieu,

I will to *Venice*, sonday comes apace,

We will haue rings, and things, and fine array,

And kisse me *Kate*, we will be married a sonday.

*Exit Petruchio and Katherine.*

*Gre.* Was euer match clapt vp so sodainly?

*Bap.* Faith Gentlemen now I play a marchants part,

And venture madly on a desperate Mart.

*Tranio.* 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you,

'Twill bring you gaine, or perish on the seas.

*Bap.* The gaine I seeke, is quiet me the match.

*Gre.* No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.

But now *Baptista*, to your yonger daughter,

Now is the day we long haue looked for,

I am your neighbour, and was suter first.

*Tranio.* And I am one that loue *Bianca* more,

Then words can witnesse, or your thoughts can guesse.

*Gre.* Yongling thou canst not loue so deare as I.

*Tranio.* Gray-beard thy loue doth freeze.

*Gre.* But thine doth fric.

Skipper stand backe, 'tis age that nourisheth.

*Tranio.* But youth in Ladies eyes that flourisheth.

*Bap.* Content you gentlemen, I wil copound this strife

'Tis deeds must win the prize, and he of both

That can assure my daughter greatest dower,

Shall haue my *Bianca*'s loue.

Say signior *Gremio*, what can you assure her?

*Gre.* First, as you know, my house within the City

Is richly furnished with plate and gold,

Basons and ewers to laue her dainty hands:

My hangings all of *Irish* tapestry:

In luery cofers I haue trust my crownes:

In Cyprus chests my arras counterpoints,

Costly apparell, tents, and Canopies,

Fine Linnen, Turkey cushions bolt with pearle,

Vallens of *Venice* gold, in needle worke:

Pewter and brasse, and all things that belongs

To house or house-keeping: then at my farme

I haue a hundred milch-kine to the pale,

Sixe-score fat Oxen standing in my stalls,

And all things answerable to this portion.

My selfe am strooke in yeeres I must confesse,

And if I die to morrow this is hers,

If whilst I liue she will be onely mine.

*Tranio.* That only came well in: sir, list to me,

I am my fathers heyre and onely sonne,

If I may haue your daughter to my wife,

Ile leaue her houses three or foure as good

Within rich *Pisa* walls, as any one

Old Signior *Gremio* has in *Padua</*